

# Robin Hood and the Beggar.

SHOOTING;

How Robin Hood and the Beggar fought, and how he changed Clothes with the Beggar, and how he went a begging to Nottingham? and how he saved three Brethren from being hang'd for stealing of Deer.

To the tune of, *Robin Hood and the Sheriff.*



**C**ome light and listen you Gentlemen all,  
 hey down, down, an a down,  
 What mirth do love for to hear,  
 and a story true, He tell unto you,  
 At that you will but draw near.  
 In elder times when merriment was,  
 hey down, &c,  
 And Archery was holden good,  
 there was an Out-law, as many did know;  
 which men called Robin Hood.  
 Upon a time it chanced so  
 hey down, &c.  
 Bold Robin was merry disposed,  
 his time to spend he did intend,  
 Either with friends or foes:  
 When he got up on a gallant brave steed,  
 hey down, &c.  
 The which was worth an ell ten,  
 with a mantle of green, most brave to be seen,  
 He left all his merry-men.  
 And riding towards fair Nottingham,  
 hey down, &c.  
 Some pastime for to spy.  
 there was he aware of a jolly Beggar  
 As ere he beheld with his eye,

in his patchy coat the Beggar had one,  
 hey down, &c.  
 Which he only did use for to wear;  
 and many a bit, about him did wag;  
 which made Robin Hood to him repair.  
 Good-day, Good-day, said Robin Hood,  
 hey down, &c.  
 What Country-man tell to me.  
 I am Yorkshire Sir, but ere you go far,  
 Some Charity give unto me.  
 Why what wouldst thou have said Robin Hood  
 hey down, &c.  
 I pray thee tell unto me,  
 no Lands, nor things, the Beggar he said,  
 But a penny for charity.  
 I have no money, said Robin Hood then,  
 hey down, &c.  
 But a Ranger with in the wood:  
 I am an Out-law, as many do know,  
 My name it is Robin Hood,  
 But yet I must tell the bonny Beggar,  
 hey down, &c.  
 What a heat with I must try:  
 the Coat of Gray say down I say,  
 And my mantle of Green shall I say

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The second part, to the same tune:

**C**ontent, content, the Beggar he cry'd,  
 hey down, down, an a down,  
 Why part it will be the worse,  
 for I hope this bout to give thee the roste,  
 And then have at thy Purse.  
 The Beggar he had a michis long staffe,  
 hey down, &c.  
 And Robin had a Part-bowen sword,  
 so the Beggar drew nigh, and at Robin let fly,  
 But gave him never a word.  
 Fight on, fight on, said Robin Hood then,  
 hey down, &c.  
 This game well pleaseth me:  
 for every blow that Robin did give,  
 The Beggar gave buffets three.  
 And fighting there full hard and sore,  
 hey down, &c.  
 Not far from Nottingham Town,  
 they never fled, till from Robin head  
 The blood came trickling down.  
 I hold thy hand, said Robin Hood then,  
 hey down, &c.  
 And thou and I will agree:  
 if that be true, the Beggar he said  
 Thy Mantle come give unto me.  
 Nay, a change, a change, cry'd Robin Hood  
 hey down, &c.  
 Thy Bags and Coat give me,  
 and this Mantle of mine, tis to thee resign,  
 My Horse and my braderis.  
 When Robin had got the Beggars Clothes,  
 hey down &c.  
 He looked round about,  
 Methinks, said he, I seem to be  
 A Beggar brave and stout.  
 For now I have a bag for my Bread,  
 hey down, &c.  
 So have I another for Coyn,  
 I have one for Sult, another for Salt,  
 And one for my little Poynt.  
 And now I will a begging goe  
 hey down, &c.  
 Some charitie for to find.  
 and if any more of Robin you'l know,  
 In this second Part it's behind.  
**N**ow Robin he is to Nottingham bound,  
 hey down, &c.  
 With his bags hanging down to his knee,  
 his staffe & his coat, scares worth a great  
 pet merrills passed he.  
 As Robin he passed the streets along,  
 hey down, &c.  
 he heard a pittifull cry,

thre Brethren dar, as he did hear,  
 Condemned were to dye.  
 When Robin he bigbad to the Sheriffs,  
 hey down, &c.  
 Some Relfefe for to seek,  
 beskipt, and leapt, and capozed full high,  
 As he went along the street.  
 But when to the Sheriffs doze he came:  
 hey down, &c.  
 There a Gentleman fine and brabe,  
 thon Beggar, said he, come tell unto me  
 What is it that thou wouldest have.  
 For meat nor drink, said Robin Hood then,  
 hey down, &c.  
 That I come here to crave,  
 but to beg the lives of peomen thre,  
 And that I saim would have.  
 What cannot be, thon bold Beggar,  
 hey down, &c.  
 Their fact it is so clear;  
 I tell to thee, hang'o they must be  
 For stealing of our Kings War.  
 But when to the Gallows they did come,  
 hey down, &c.  
 There was many a weeping eye  
 I hold your peace, said Robin then,  
 For certainly they shall not dye.  
 When Robin he set his Poynt to his mouth,  
 hey down, &c.  
 And blew but blasses thre,  
 till a hundred bold Archers brabe,  
 Came knelling dow to his knee.  
 What is your will Master, they said,  
 hey down, &c.  
 We are here at your command.  
 That Call, that Call, said Robin then,  
 and loke that you spare no man.  
 When they shot Call, and they shot Whist,  
 hey down, &c.  
 Their arrows were so hén;  
 the Sheriffs he, and his companis,  
 No longer must be seen.  
 When he lept to these Brethren thre,  
 hey down, &c.  
 And away he had them tane,  
 but the Sheriff was cross & many a man lost;  
 That dead lay on the Plain.  
 e away they went into the merry green-wood,  
 hey down, &c.  
 And sung with a merry gle,  
 and Robin took these Brethren good;  
 To be of his Poyndarrie. T.R.